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Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“*Η μὲν ἀρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἔστιν*”

PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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ON the performance of a piece of music depends, if not wholly, at least in a great degree, the perception and acknowledgment of its merit; and this is the only point in which the creative musician labours under great disadvantages, when compared with masters in the other arts. The intelligent reader of a good poem needs not the aid of the actor to enable him to enjoy its beauties; sculpture and painting stand open to the eye and heart of every beholder; but the work of the musician, however finely it may be conceived, however securely he may have put it down in writing, wants the performance to breathe life and spirit into it; and this he must often leave to others, nay, to the combination of many. His signs upon paper have a meaning for connoisseurs only; any one else can but understand and appreciate the actual tones which are there inscribed. Thus the composer has to confide the whole effect of his work to the performer. The latter must therefore not only strive to give expression to the whole, but must also be aware of the different shades, perspectives, &c., of the different parts of the musical picture: and must combine them into a whole. He must, in one word, make this poem of another his own.

This is, of course, easier for the individual than for a number of performers; and is the more difficult the greater the number. It cannot be expected that every musician who participates in a great concerted performance should possess the musical education and cultivation necessary to a true and full conception of its spirit. An orchestra, therefore, has one or two individuals who may represent, as it were, the composer and his work. These are the conductor and the leader.

The conductor's duty is the most important. He must study the spirit of the

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whole composition ; he must fully *understand* the composer, and enter into his conceptions. The rehearsals are his proper field of action, where he must labour with the greatest patience and perseverance to make the whole body, as well as each single individual, give the true expression of the composition in all its parts. He must himself be a composer ; for he is required to know accurately the effect of each kind of voice, as well as of each instrument, both individually and combined ; and to conceive the particular tendency of the genius of the composer of each piece that is to be performed ; he must also combine with this a true love of the art. His duty extends over the manner of performance of each solo or chorus, or *ripieno* part ; and he is answerable for each performer's right conception of the meaning of the composer in each part of his work : failure in which can only be attributed to his want of knowledge, or to his carelessness in instructing during the rehearsals ; and these must always be full and frequent. During the performance the conductor must first give the time by his beating, with the full score before him ; thus keeping the instruments and singers together, and giving life to the whole. He must therefore stand in front of the choir and orchestra, in such position that he can be seen by *each member*. His chief attention must be directed to the vocal parts ; and in instrumental compositions, to those that have the melody ; and it is therefore well, especially in recitatives, to have a pianoforte at hand on which he may assist the singer. But in the performance he must be as calm and quiet as possible, however much of activity and life he must show in the rehearsals.

The *leader* must follow the hints of the conductor in the rehearsals with close attention ; and take from them the true conception of the spirit of the whole, as well as of the single parts ; and then, at the performance, he must communicate this spirit by his playing, or by hints if necessary, or by winks of his eye, to the full orchestra ; especially where the members have not correctly understood, or have forgotten the instructions of the conductor. His proper place is at the head of the first violins, this being the most important and energetic instrument, and the most capable of setting the example to the whole orchestra. He must have his eye constantly on the conductor, who looks primarily to him for any *particular effect* which he wants brought out.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN RUSSIA.

Letter from M. Adolphe Adam to the Editors of "La France Musicale."

GENTLEMEN,—You wished me to communicate to you the musical notes of my last journey. The task of writing concerning a country so little advanced in civilization as Russia, may appear difficult ; yet perhaps the mine will be found more fertile from having been less explored. A trip to Italy is the usual day-dream of an artist, yet it has not been so with me ; we know that country by heart even without a visit ; the accounts of travellers have so accustomed our imaginations to its sunny skies that I have always been fearful lest the reality should fall short of the poetry of description.

Of Russia we are comparatively ignorant, but the little that we do know should instigate us to extend our information. What spectacle in fact more curious than a country of slavery and barbarism, yet fostering luxury and the fine arts ; immense plains of snow, chequered with proud cities where the manners of

Europe and Asia amalgamate, contrast, at every step, the perpetual triumph of man over the inhospitality of nature; finally the grand outline of the czar himself, so differently estimated, so singularly appreciated.

Having been a pupil of Boieldieu, who composed his best works at the court of Alexander, I had heard much of this remarkable country; the two first pieces that I presented to the theatre, *Pierre et Catherine*, and *Danilova* were on Russian subjects; my mania for visiting Russia dates from my childhood. It was then with eagerness that I accepted Mme. Taglioni's invitation to come to St. Petersburg and compose a ballet; I felt as a schoolboy on the eve of a month's vacation. My object being to communicate my musical observations only, I shall not speak of the ordinary details of travel, nor enlarge on the magnificence of St. Petersburg, on the affable and condescending dignity of the imperial family, or on the providential discovery of a relation of whose existence I was ignorant, and to whom I was indebted for my recovery from a cruel malady within a month after my arrival.

I shall divide music at St. Petersburg into four distinct categories: sacred, operatic, military, and chamber music. Sacred music occupies the highest rank, this species alone possessing individual character apart from that of other nations. The Greek ritual admits of no kind of instrument in the churches. The choristers of the emperor's chapel sing no music but that of the office, and practice has given them an inconceivable skill in intonating with truth and precision without accompaniment. But the peculiar feature of their performance consists in the employment of double bass voices, whose compass is from the lowest A of the piano to C above the lines, and which produce an incredible effect by doubling the ordinary bass parts.

The ordinary limit of bass voices may be fixed at E flat, the D being rare; one may, however, imagine that voices of greater depth are to be found among us, only that we take no pains to develop them. A young bass singer directs all his studies to the attainment of the higher notes of the diapason. What use, in fact, can he make of such grave pedal tones? He designedly sacrifices them to the acquisition of the scale of ordinary *bassi cantanti*. Now Russia is the only country that offers a certain provision for a double bass singer—the possession of such notes, combined with a knowledge of music, insures a pension for life from the autocrat of the Russias. These living *contrabassi* never quit the chapel; isolated, they would be found intolerably heavy, but their effect *en masse* is admirable. The first time that I heard mass in the chapel I was affected in a manner before unknown and could not restrain my tears; but when the *allegro* commenced, and these electrifying voices sent forth all the artillery of their lungs, I trembled in cold perspiration. The sensation was altogether strange, and entirely different from any that might be produced by the most formidable orchestra. The tenor voices fall short of the perfection of the basses, but are satisfactory, and among the boys are to be found some pleasing sopranis. The tenor, Ivanhoff, was a member of the chapel, but having been sent to Italy and terminating his studies by an unexpected *fugue improvisée*, the administration is fearful of his example being followed. The direction is entrusted to M. le Colonel Lwoff, a very skilful composer and violinist.

The execution of the choir being unrivalled in the world, it were to be desired that the music should be of equal excellence, but this is not the case. Nearly all the pieces are of the last century, and are written by a certain Bertiensky, an author of undoubted talent but little invention. His music is well written, but all in the fugued style, and the melodies are devoid of originality. The plain chants cannot be very ancient, if we may judge by chords of the dominant seventh, often without preparation and by other intervals of modern origin. One of the most remarkable offices is that for Lent and the Holy Week: the grand duke Michel had the complaisance to command a performance for my benefit. In fine, the czar's chapel is an institution unique in the world, and if Russian music were of equal superiority in other branches this would be the most musical country in Europe.

Theatrical music at St. Petersburg is the least flourishing of any, and it is difficult to understand why the operatic orchestra and vocalists should be so

feeble, when we find such magnificent chapel singers and such excellent military bands. There are three theatres—the Grand Theatre, where the ballet and Russian or German operas are performed; the Theatre Michel, dedicated to slighter German operas, and to French drama and vaudeville; finally, the Alexandrine Theatre, where Russian pieces only are played—this latter does not fall within our province; all are supported by the government at immense expense, but the Alexandrine only commands adequate receipts. The Grand Theatre is one of the finest edifices in Europe, the interior is larger than our opera, and combines beauty with simplicity; in lieu of our pit benches there are commodious arm-chairs, the first rows of which are always filled by the *élite* of the Russian aristocracy; a large central box is assigned to the court, but is usually occupied by the maids of honour, the emperor and empress taking a small side box with private entrance. Since the arrival of Mme. Taglioni, who concentrates in herself all the attention of the fashionable world, the opera has lost all its importance; and the ballet, now mounted with imperial magnificence, forms the sole attraction at this theatre. The *corps de ballet* is numerous, and is supplied by the pupils of a school attached to the theatre under the direction of Messrs. Taglioni and Titus. It has produced some good female dancers—the best are Mesdames Smirnova and Andrianova who are indeed worthy of our academy. Unfortunately the ladies are not remarkable for personal charms. The operatic *répertoire* is composed of translations of French and Italian operas, and of half a dozen German, two of which are by Weber and four by Mozart. *Robert le Diable* and *La Muette* had once the power of attracting crowds; on an unlucky day Mme. Taglioni was placed therein, and the result has been that without her they are now played to empty benches.

The Russian opera has little more influence on the public than the German; the *répertoire* is the same with different language and performers. The first tenor, Leonof, is Russian only by birth, having been educated in France. He is a natural son of Field the pianist; with much musical knowledge, but very limited powers, he is called upon to fill the posts of Rubini in the *Puritani*, and of Nourrit in *Robert*. The *prima donna* is an acquaintance of ours, we have heard her at the Opera Comique as Mdlle. Verteuil; on returning to her native country she took the name of Soloviova (which is a diminution of the Russian word for nightingale) and her compatriots have been gallant enough to ratify the baptism. She has a pretty voice and great execution, but being an indifferent musician sings very unequally, and the public has not sufficient discrimination to applaud in the right place. Another *prima donna*, Mdlle. Stephanova, is not without merit; the bass is Petrov, and his wife Petrova the contralto. There being but one bass in the company, the latter singer undertakes Tamburini's part in the *Puritani*; it follows that the famous unison duet is sung in octaves, and the *morceaux d'ensemble* suffer from misplacement of harmony. The conductor is M. Cavot, an Italian by birth, and a man of considerable talent.

The Russians possess but a single national opera, it is called *All for the Czar*. The plot is simple; the action taking place during one of the old Russo-Polish wars:—a peasant devotes himself to save the czar, who has taken refuge from pursuit in the mountains. He simulates treachery, and offers himself to the Poles as a guide to the retreat of their enemy, and having conducted them into an inextricable labyrinth of defiles, avows the act and dies under the Polish swords, crying “Vive le Czar!”

(*To be continued.*)

ROSSINI AND HIS OPERAS.

That Rossini is possessed of genius and musical invention cannot be denied, but they are not guided by good taste, and may be deemed too fanciful; neither are they inexhaustible, for he is so rapid and so copious a writer, that his imagination seems already to be nearly drained, as no one is so great a plagiarist of himself. His compositions are so similar, and bear so strong a stamp of peculiarity and *mannerism*, that while it is impossible not to recognise instantly a

piece of music as his, it is frequently difficult to distinguish one from another. At least, I frankly confess my inability to do so, and that very few of his compositions remain in my memory. This great sameness is of course augmented in no slight degree by the style now in vogue. If a single piece of music (or what is to be considered as such) is to contain as many different subjects as would make three or four, the composer's imagination must be wonderfully fertile indeed if the same ideas did not often recur, as the demand for new is at least quadrupled.

Of all the operas of Rossini that have been performed here, that of *La Gazza Ladra* is most peculiarly liable to all the objections I have made to the new style of drama, of which it is the most striking example. Its finales, and many of its very numerous *pezzi concertati* are uncommonly loud, and the lavish use made of the noisy instruments appears to my judgment singularly inappropriate to the subject, which, though it might have been rendered touching, is far from calling for such warlike accompaniments. Nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which this simple story is represented in the Italian piece (taken, as well as the English one on the same subject, from *La Pie Voleuse*), or than to see a young peasant servant girl, accused of a petty theft, led to trial and execution under a guard of soldiers, with military music. But this is a *melo-drama*, in which it is not merely allowable, but almost necessary to violate truth, nature, and probability. This can have been done only to afford the composer an opportunity of indulging his taste for the *fortissimo*.

The opera of *Tancredi* is much liked by his admirers, and there are certainly two or three very good and pleasing pieces of music in it; but when the principal, or at least the favourite, song of a first man of an *heroic* opera is not only capable of being converted into a *quadrille*, but appears better adapted to that purpose than any other, all idea of its propriety and fitness for its situation must be totally put out of the question. Yet such is the case with the famous air, "Di tanti palpiti," which, though pleasing in itself, is composed extremely in the style of a real French *contredanse*. But not this only has been so converted; half of Rossini's operas are turned into quadrilles; nay, even *Mosé in Egitto*, a *sacred oratorio*. Were it possible so to convert Handel's, we should deem it a *profanation*. But what shall we think of the judgment of that composer who could set solemn words to music so light and trivial as to allow of it? I have often heard it seriously remarked, that his operas sound best when thus performed *without* the voices. Strange praise for *vocal* music, which I have ever considered as the finest vehicle for feeling and for passion, and as giving greater expression to words than can otherwise be conveyed; therefore, when it is really good, they must be inseparably united. At the same time I must allow there is truth in the remark, for Rossini gives so much importance to the orchestra, and so labours his accompaniments, that the vocal part is really often the least prominent, and overwhelmed, not supported.

The serious opera of *Mosé in Egitto* (performed here under the name of *Pietro L'Eremita*) is much better than the former which I have named, and contains some very fine pieces; and I must exempt from all censure his *Turco in Italia*, which is a light, lively, and thoroughly pleasant *opera buffa*. The *Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Cenerentola*, *L'Italiani in Algeri*, and *Elisabetta*, have also been performed—the first with success, the others with little or none.

So entirely did Rossini engross the stage, that the operas of no other masters were ever to be heard, with the exception of those of Mozart, and of his, only *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze de Figaro* were often repeated. *La Clemenza di Tito* was occasionally revived, but met with less success. It is singular how every other composer, past and present, were totally put aside, and those two alone named or thought of.—*Earl Mount Edgecumbe*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR.—The result of our hasty glance at the present state of music, *quoad creative power*, in Germany is this: among a host of celebrities, but three first-rate composers are to be found, viz., Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Molique: and one second-rate operatic composer, (all the rest being veritably third, fourth, and fifth-rate) viz., Marschner, a clever imitator of Weber, to whom as a musician, he is, perhaps, superior, but as a man of genius, vastly inferior. As a body of composers, (and I always understand the state of music, nationally speaking, to depend on the excellence of the composers) they have no advantage over the English school, and in ten years I confidently predict, they will be much in the rear; for Mendelssohn and Spohr are not of every-day growth, and among the *jeunesse* of Germany, there is nothing like the promise displayed in our own country. Let us now look to France. What do we encounter there? a national opera, at least, and that is nine-tenths of the battle. But where are the national composers? Rossini is an Italian; Meyerbeer a German: Cherubini an Italian; and these have been the main support of the national opera!! what a mockery! Auber, it is true, is a composer of distinguished genius; but even he, according to report, is a naturalized Spaniard, though it would be dangerous to say this to a Frenchman.⁶ What has Auber done, allowing him to be, in the fullest sense of the word, a French composer? His *Musette, Fra Diavolo, Le Fiancé, Gustave, L'Estocq*, &c., are delicious specimens of a certain style, and a style entirely of Auber's creation. Therefore, it will be argued, the French assuredly have a school of music, whereas the English have not. On the contrary, the French have, so to speak, a mannerism; so have the Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Scotch, and Irish: but is this to be called a school? or is it not rather a desecration of the name? I understand when a country is said to possess a school of music, that it shall be able to show a variety of fine works of every kind, in the great, and only true school, of nature. The *tournure* of national jigs, or the colouring of eight-bar tunes, ancient or modern, has nothing whatever, in my estimation, to do with a school of music, which should wholly depend on the existence of imperishable works of art.

What, then, can the French show to support their claim to the possession of what is virtually a school of music. In old times their national opera was supported by Gluck and Piccini, as it is now by Rossini and Meyerbeer. It is true that Grétry was a Frenchman by language, (a Savoyard by birth) and Grétry founded the French opera. He was succeeded by Boieldieu, and the numerous operas of these two eminent writers form (with those of Méhul by far the greatest of all the French composers) the chief groundwork of the claims of our neighbours to the real entity of a national opéra. But I argue that a higher branch of music than the operatic is a necessary concomitant to those materials which justify the right to assume the existence of a national school. My first question would be, what great sinfonists have you? my second, what great church composers? Have the French a Beethoven? no; but they have a Méhul. Have they a Handel? no; but they have a Lesueur. Have they a Haydn? no; but they have an Onslow (an Englishman, nevertheless, by birth). But we are speaking of the present state of music in France, and Méhul [†] has been dead many years; Lesueur is an old man, and strictly speaking, Onslow ought not to be allowed in argument as a French composer, though his excessive dryness would prevent his being a great honour to any school. To come, then, to the point, what is there at present in France among the youth and promise of the land? Simply a host of miserable mimics of the worst vices of Auber; a race of mad pianists, following the erratic vagaries of Liszt and Chopin; and a tribe of still madder instrumentalists, imitators of the Paganini-apotheosized Berlioz. Look first at the operatic-composers. Herold, the best of them, was but an imitator of Auber, with a dash of the modern German to make him disagreeable. Halévy is another Auberist, with a German tincture, whose abilities are not equal to those of our own Balfe. The national opera virtually depends on the "few and far between" operas of Meyerbeer, and the occasional hasty crudities which Auber has latterly condescended to produce, dividing his favours between the Académie and the *Opéra Comique*. *Benvenuto Cellini*, the one dramatic

* The Society of British Musicians rejected John Cramer (glorious John!) from their body, because he was a month old when he came to England; what becomes of the Frenchification of Auber at this rate.

† It is a curious fact that the French nationality was so unbounded and so sincere, that their greatest composer, Méhul, was compelled to produce his best opera under an Italian sobriquet, his own name not being disclosed till the opera received the most brilliant success; so great at that time was the prejudice against French composers. The English are now where the French were then.

effort of Berlioz, was damned most irrevocably ; and, if it resemble his instrumental compositions, it well deserved its fate, in spite of his friend, Jules Janin, and the *feuilletons* of the *Journal des Débats*. So low, indeed, is the ability of producing good operas in France at present, that they are compelled to revive Spontini's *Fernand Cortez*, and what is worse, to admit such a contemptible production as the *Stradella* of Niedermayer ; and what is worse than all, to employ a twenty-fifth rate Italian composer to produce an opera,* on the scene of the triumphs of *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, and *La Muette de Portici*. National opera forsooth !—national fiddlestick !—As for the pianists, they have, in turns, made their appearance in London, and one by one have lionized for a space, and then died a natural death, and laid themselves quietly in the tomb of oblivion, where there is no fear of their being disturbed. It is a singular proof of the ephemeral nature of such *unmusic*, such hypercharlatanism, that the once omnipotent Henri Herz, the pet of the aristocracy, the idolized of all coteries *comme il faut*, has been some weeks in London with scarcely an engagement, except at the concert of the Misses Badger, given at that notable house (public) "The Horns," at Kennington ! oh, Henri Herz ! Henri Herz ! how art thou fallen ! As composers it would be absurd to analyze them ; their music, with a few exceptions, by Chopin and Hiller, is downright nonsense. Monsieur Liszt will not condescend in his amusing fantasies to shadow forth any thing like a skeleton of rhythm, or the phantasm of a subject ; it might be just as well unbarred, as (thank Heaven !) it is unplayable. We do not find the young ladies uniting their Liszt and their bread and butter, as was the case with that more come-at-able humbug, Thalberg. Of sinfonists the French have two : Berlioz, and a young man called Keber. The former (musically speaking) is a lunatic, and his estimation in Paris, as a classical composer, shows at once the low state of musical appreciation in that great city of quacks. His music is simply and undisguisedly nonsense, without an attempt at play of any kind ; he is, in fact, a kind of orchestral Liszt ; than which I could name nothing more intensely disagreeable. Keber is a young man of decided promise, but as yet he has not effected enough to procure for him a European celebrity. Auber, then, is the only legitimate French composer, and he is more matter of history than reality, for his latter works are exceedingly trivial. I need not, after this, attempt to show that the English beat the French completely out of the field ; even at the present moment, as musical composers, with no advantages whatever, on their side, while the French can boast of a splendid theatre, a magnificent orchestra, and the best dramatic singers in the world. As for the Italians, their deplorable state is so well known that I would not disgrace England by drawing a comparison between the two nations. Their only composers worthy of the name are unable to exist in the degraded land of their nativity ; Cherubini, Spontini, and Rossini, are compelled to depend on foreign patronage, and to produce their works on foreign soils ! The wretched tribe of *Rossinists*, with Bellini at the head, and Persiani at the tail, are only tolerable when they literally pillage their great prototype ; the instant they trust to themselves, they are as crude and helpless as the merest tyros. Enough of them.

I have a word to say to your correspondent, "A Dramatic Composer (as he once fancied himself)." His surprise at the sweeping exclusion of all but two composers from the list of capables, was, I need not say, shared by me ; but I think him wholly unjustified in making the absurdity of "A Lover of Music" the pretence for an unmerited and vituperative Philippic against that ever-maligned establishment the Royal Academy of Music. I see no reason whatever for imagining that any member of that institution would condescend to have written such a letter. I am quite sure that Bennett and Macfarren, on reading it, would exclaim inwardly, "Heaven save us from our friends !" But to clear the argument of the brambles that your dramatic friend has sophisticated round its naked simplicity, I must beg to differ entirely with almost all his assertions, except literally the main point of his letter, viz., the fallacy of "A Lover of Music's" assertion. In the first place, if we have two really good operatic composers, I doubt our being obliged "to shut up before a season be concluded :" simply because we possess what no other country at present surpasses, as I have already attempted to show. I take it that the "Lover" rather wished to maintain that Messrs. Bennett and Macfarren were the only composers capable of writing a great opera, which is quite another thing from the mere act of writing an opera. Even then I agree with your correspondent in the untruth of his position. In the second place, whatever may be launched at the head of the unfortunate *Devil's Opera*, it is assuredly the best English opera yet produced. It is the best for the best of all reasons, because it is the clearest in design ; there is no patchiness ; no more fiddling ; no filling up by *tromolandos*, while the bass descends semitonically ; no mystery about nothing ; no very tiresome movements *d'ensemble*, in 12-8 time par excellence ; no unnecessary modulations, introduced for want of ideas, and for lack of the power of all powers in a composer, viz., that of prolonging and working out his ideas. This I am aware is what

* *Les Martyrs*, by Donizetti, a huge mass of unwieldy crudities and childish inefficiencies.

your correspondent denies its possessing, because, if I recollect aright, he asserts the *Devil* "to be wanting in dramatic design;" a proof that he either has not heard it, or not understood it, or does not know the meaning of the expression design;—one of those three deficiencies I fearlessly accuse him of. The fault of the English operas which preceded the *Devil's Opera* was exactly the fault from which the latter is wholly free; and why? Because its composer is not only a dramatic but an instrumental composer, and knew (from the habit of producing lengthened works) how to write continuously; how to make his ideas flow into, and out of each other, without superfluous matter, meaning nothing. Your correspondent's sneers at the "Concert Music" of Bennett, are redolent with ill-disguised vanity and conceit. I am no academician; have derived no advantages from the Academy; have no connection whatever with the institution; but I am open and willing to avow that the superiority of certain of its members over those who have not possessed the advantages of a regular education, and who are, nevertheless, men of undoubted genius, is incontrovertible; and furthermore, it is distinctly my opinion, that there is more dramatic and poetic conception—more varied and sustained power—more musician-like writing in one of the concert overtures, symphonies or concertos of Bennett, than in any complete English opera I am acquainted with. In proof that the instrumental is a far higher and more difficult department of music than the theatrical, let me ask who have written the best operas?—Mozart and Beethoven. Who the best symphonies?—Mozart and Beethoven; the former being the necessary result of the latter. Next to these two comes Spohr, both as an operatic writer and as a symphonist, for the self-same reason. Where is *Der Freischutz* defective? In its continual patchiness,* and want of continuity, which all the enormous genius of Weber could not overcome. Weber was unable (witness his symphonies and concertos) to write great instrumental music, and his operas suffered thereby. What is the fault of *Guillaume Tell*? The continual eight-bar phrases, which a non-experience in the production of lengthened works, like symphonies and studied overtures, makes inevitable, even with the prodigious genius and inexhaustible resources of Rossini. The same with Auber, and, in fact, with all composers who lack the great advantages arising from the practical facility attendant on the frequent production of instrumental compositions. Of course (and I say it, or your correspondent will say it for me), all this without genius is nothing worth. To conclude, then, against the assertion of him who once fancied himself a dramatic composer, I am compelled to say, that we are fully justified in assuming that Sterndale Bennett is capable of producing a very great dramatic work, he having already produced a great symphony, great concertos, and very great concert overtures, all elaborate and distinguished works of art. Find me an English opera on which the same praise can justly be bestowed and I will cheerfully acknowledge it. The unvocality of the *Devil's Opera* is quite apparent, and to this fault may be added, occasional vulgar traits of melody, and the inevitable defects arising from the composer's having had an unusually mutilated orchestra to score for; yet I feel convinced that the overture, and first introduction (as a continuous whole), are the best specimens yet brought forward of English opera. Instead of a clique in favour of the Academy, I should be inclined to suppose a clique in existence highly inimical to it, and all its members, without an exception:—and why? If we look back at the British concerts we shall find, that, with the exception of one or two things by John Barnett and young Litolf, not a single work of any eminent merit was produced that came not from the pen of either Bennett, Lucas, Mudie, Phillips, Holmes, Macfarren, or some other academician;† unless any one perchance will aver, that *Amilie* is good music—(in such case I should quote Solomon's apothegm, beginning *vir sapiens si cum stulto contu derit*, and conclude the argument with the citation). As for the patronage which the Academy students have received, I should like to know where to look for it: if such were the case, composers like Mudie and Macfarren would hardly remain unnoticed at every concert throughout an entire season; so that the dramatic composer (as he once imagined himself), in battling with the said clique, is guilty of a sciomachy, *id est*, a controversy with a shadow. With apologies for length and dullness, and hoping that you will speedily indicate the *modus operandi* (I borrow the dramatic Latin) of the *conversazione*, I conclude for the present—And am yours, sincerely,

Brixton, June 29th.

INDICATOR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having once experienced the miseries of dramatic authorship in the shabby production, reckless mutilation, and foul murder of an unfortunate opera of mine, called

* If you want specimens of these take the trio in E flat, and the last finale in *Der Freischutz*; the second parts of all Weber's overtures, except that prodigy of genius *Der Freischutz*, and the whole of the opera of *Euryanthe*.

† Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. Edward Loder were not contributors, or the case would, of course, have been different.

Herrmann, it may be supposed that I have had little desire to risk a repetition of such bodily and mental torture as I then endured. Indeed, since that period, I have almost entirely abandoned the prosecution of this branch of the art, although the bent of my mind has ever been peculiarly in that direction; but, while thus comparatively free of personal interest in the matter, I have not witnessed without much emotion the rapid decline and apparent extinction of the English opera. The last gleam of hope seemed to have faded away, and the gathering darkness to have settled permanently over the once fair prospect.

You may imagine, then, with what delight I hailed the commencement of your agitation on behalf of a National Opera, and the enthusiastic responses instantly made to your energetic appeals. I have read with avidity and satisfaction the various communications to which these gave birth, making every allowance, at the same time, for difference of opinion in regard to details, on account of the healthy tone in which they are written.

Dwelling in this remote part of the kingdom, and thus isolated from all personal intercourse with my musical brethren of the metropolis, I should have been content to remain quiet but delighted spectator of the glorious struggle in which you are now engaged, and full of confidence as to its issue; nor should I have broken silence now, but for the very questionable spirit in which two of your latest correspondents have written. "Indicator" has occupied a large portion of your last number; but, after having laboured through his effusion more than once, I cannot for the life of me discover what connection there is between the question of an English National Opera, and his tirade against the London Press; or what advantage is to accrue to such a project by his wanton abuse of a host of German composers and performers, some of whom are branded with ironical marks of admiration in arithmetical progression, and others are stamped with epithets as unjust as they are vulgar. If "Indicator" be the same who figured in that exquisite satire on discussions, "The Mozart Controversy" (and certainly the absence of all remark upon the real subject in question, now as then, is something like a proof of identity), I fear, Mr. Editor, he will, in homely phrase, effectually "put his foot in it."

"A Lover of Music" has written a very short letter, but the elements of combustion can be contained in a small space, as the following—the only sentence on the subject of correspondence will abundantly prove—though, as it stands, it is not far removed from nonsense—"My opinion about a National Opera is just this, that Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren are our only composers capable of writing an opera, and that the idea of making Mr. Bishop chairman of the new society, can be nothing more or less than a joke played off in revenge for the infliction of some such *thing* as the overture to *Guy Mannering* upon the ears of the unfortunate writer." This is as much as to say, "A National Opera is, in my opinion, the ability of two individuals only to compose an opera!" Perhaps he means, that if there is to be a National Opera at all, we have only two composers fit to write for it, for he names a third person only to laugh at his pretensions. If this be the true interpretation of the passage, he is rather unfortunate in his specification; for it so happens, that of his two *protégés*, only one has as yet produced an opera, while he who is expressly excluded from the composition, has given to the world upwards of fifty—many of them containing songs and concerted pieces of great beauty, unquestionable skill, and dramatic power. But in whatever way the obscure sentence may be interpreted, it is plain enough that he places two estimable individuals in most invidious contrast to their brethren—an act which their own innate modesty and high spirit must alike repudiate and condemn; while at the same time he unceremoniously shelves all other native authors whatever, though he must be well aware that some of these have produced not one only, but several operas of various degrees of merit. Of Bennett's genius I have ever had the highest admiration, and have watched its development with deep interest, but, with all deference to "A Lover of Music," his ability to write an opera remains to be proved. In withholding my assent to his assertion I am fully warranted by some familiar and striking facts. One man shall be a great symphonist and quartett writer, and yet lack sufficient dramatic power to succeed in opera—Haydn is a remarkable instance of this. Another, again, shall produce magnificent operas, and yet fail in the purely instrumental style. Need I mention more than Rossini, Meyerbeer, Weber, and Cherubini? Indeed I am not far from the truth in asserting that Mozart is almost a solitary example of equal excellence, both in vocal and instrumental composition.

Macfarren has distinguished himself by the production of his *Devil's Opera*; but I have no doubt he would scorn to be exalted at the expense of others, who have long before him gained no small reputation by their dramatic compositions, albeit, their names are considered unworthy of mention by "A Lover of Music." What! Is no account to be taken of such men as Balfé, who, notwithstanding the injurious facility and thoughtlessness of the style in which he was brought up, has exhibited indubitable symptoms of dramatic feeling; of Loder, who, with all his French bias, has shown himself to be possessed of the chief requisites of the operatic style; and, to go no farther, of Barnett, who, with all his

hesitation of style, and occasional crampness of detail, has in *The Mountain Sylph*, *Fair Rosamond*, and *Farinelli*, displayed a fine conception of dramatic effect, pure part writing, and beautiful instrumentation.

The sneer at Mr. Bishop, as well as the poor joke of which it is the vehicle, are almost unworthy of notice. I have yet to learn that the medley overture to *Guy Mannering*, is either an inappropriate prelude to the drama, or a specimen of Bishop's powers as a composer. That gentleman wrote in the days when the success of a musical piece depended, not so much on an effective *ensemble*, as upon the caprice of a singer; and when an audience, such as has ever assembled in Covent Garden or Drury Lane—a non-musical one—had always to be propitiated by something of a well-marked character to which they might keep time with their heads and feet. Yet, though I do not consider Bishop a Mozart or Rossini, I venture to assert that, free from the trammels just alluded to, he has written dramatic as well as other music, of which any composer whatever might be proud; and, at all events, I humbly think that the man who singly supplied all Britain with operatic music for upwards of twenty years, maintaining his popularity during that time undiminished, is entitled to somewhat more respectful treatment than the rude ecahnination of "A Lover of Music." I cannot, therefore, see wherein lies Bishop's unfitness to preside at the projected convocation of composers; such an honour is due, not more to his rank as a musician, than to his years, for he is the father of the present race of composers; and, what is of infinitely greater moment, his long theatrical experience will be of essential service in the deliberations of that, and all future meetings that may be found necessary.

I trust, therefore, Mr. Editor, that your correspondents will see the propriety of changing their tactics, and confining their remarks to the single object we have all at heart. It must be obvious that a continuance in their present course will go far to endanger the success of the cause; for the proverbial sensitiveness of the sons of harmony can ill brook the infliction of gratuitous, prejudiced, or ignorant criticism. Unanimity is most desirable—nay, absolutely necessary, in a project of such magnitude as that now in agitation. Let, then, all conflicting opinions as to the merits of the present individuals be for the present laid aside; let personality of every kind henceforth cease, and every one, high and low, distinguished and unknown, free from a sense of invidious exaltation or disparagement, will lend his best energies to the one grand object—the establishment of an English National Opera.

Having thus fulfilled my purpose in addressing you at this time, I shall take another opportunity of submitting to your consideration the ideas which have occurred to me relative to the projected National Opera. Meanwhile, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Edinburgh, 24th June, 1840.

JOHN THOMSON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—I will not dispute with your correspondent, "S. V.," June 11th, the glory of being the agitator of a National Opera—Newton and Columbus had each his raval for the honour of his individual discoveries; and the achievement of what both he and I have at heart, if it can be accomplished, will afford sufficient self-satisfaction to him and me, and all who lend a helping hand in the cause—but as the lucky suggestion I threw out on May 20th has awakened considerable discussion, I trust it will not be deemed impertinent of me to offer you a few observations on the proposals, recommendations, and hints which have since appeared in your journal on the subject.

I commence with "Mr. Miller," whose proposition, besides its substantiality, has the merit of suggesting *something* for discussion if not of conclusive propriety; and I must say, that if your correspondents would take example by his arguments to reveal what they expect, or wish, or think desirable, for the foundation of a National Opera, they would far better insure the success of the enterprise to which we are all so earnestly looking, than by lamentations for what is irremediable, or digressions upon other topics however ingeniously sought or industriously handled. The first step in a matter like the present is, to ascertain what is really wanted, without reference to anything that has been or might have been—the next, is to inquire the fitting remedy for that want—and then, to discover the best means of supplying that remedy. I concur with "Mr. Miller" respecting the dimensions and capabilities of the English Operas-house; and with "Lyrus," in your last number, who very justly thinks with the Spanish proverb, that "sufficiency with hope is preferable to ambition with fear." I regret to differ with you, Mr. Editor, on this, or any subject; but can assure you, from auricular demonstration, that the giant theatres on the Continent do not possess that remarkable quality of our Italian Opera-house upon which you seem to rely: indeed, it would appear that the fine and beautiful sustension of the voice, and the just reverberation of musical sounds, for which our Italian house is commendable, depend entirely upon hidden and fortuitous circumstances; and the experi-

ence of half a century, with this model before us, has produced nothing to rival or approach it.

Your notice of Mr. Macfarren's letter has, I hope, overruled his only objection to embarking at once and fully upon the subject—one occupying his station amongst the morning stars of the new musical daybreak of this country, cannot well be spared from an enterprise which would concentrate all the light of its noonday glory—let us entreat Mr. Macfarren and his aspiring young associates, who have all tasted too deeply the bitter cup of neglect and depression, to turn at once from past failures and disappointments, with which our present endeavour has nothing whatever to do, but as beacons and landmarks for the future. Mr. Macfarren's hypothesis of a "musical colony" abroad, is ingenious, but unconsciously impracticable; there is no city in Europe where such a colony would be welcome—no people in the world, except the English, would lavish patronage on foreigners sufficient to make them notorious at home.

The letters of a "Young Composer," a "Lover of Music," and my disciple "Pro Patria," are each entitled to attention, because they contain relevant matter to claim it—but "Indicator" is a perfect parenthesis to the subject. I regret to see so much space occupied with details which we all know as well as "Indicator," and opinions, which are but opinions after all, however shrewdly formed or polysyllabically expressed—I regret to see nearly three pages taken up with a bundle of squibs, phizzing at everybody and every thing but the National Opera, and promising to keep up this literary sputter interminably, to the exclusion of your less verbose but more rationally argumentative correspondence. Pray, Mr. Editor, look to this, and do not endanger the discussion to which you have invited us, being turned into useless controversy, by printing opinions and criticisms, or even facts, in every way alien to the purpose.

Suffer me to suggest the expediency of publishing a supplemental number, in order that the whole of the numerous correspondents to whom you allude may be fairly heard and encouraged—using your discretion of course in sifting those letters from the mass which do not bear upon the subject of a National Opera, and which would consequently be out of place—rely on it, such a general publication will do a real service to the cause; and all, or any one, really interested, will cheerfully contribute towards the additional expense. From these materials I pledge myself to the task of extracting and arranging whatever is available into one tangible whole—a sort of report—to be submitted to your conversazione, either at its personal assembly, or through the medium of your journal; and this done, we may proceed to the next stage of the discussion with greater clearness and better hopes of profit.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

PATRIA.

Brompton, June 24th, 1840.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE CONCERT.

SIR—Admiring as I do your general support of music as a high art, and your encouragement of its professors, I cannot but regret most sincerely that you should have condescended to publish, without reproach, the hyperbolical paragraph which has gone the round of the papers respecting the Buckingham Palace Concert. Good God! sir, is it to be endured in a work like yours, that the royal participation in a performance shall be said to enhance its merit, or that the pride of birth and high station can give any interest to art which mere talent—*mere talent* cannot impart? Granted that queens and kings have a right divine to govern, which is going a great way now-a-days, still, *mere talent* is equally the gift of Heaven, and, approaching more nearly to the divine attributes than any personal or fortuitous qualities whatsoever, is surely entitled to the highest praise. If her Majesty and her royal consort possess this *mere talent*, in the name of justice let us award them the wholesome praise which *mere talent* claims and deserves; common sense and decent modesty would be satisfied to give and take this, but sound taste and scrutinizing judgment would suggest and prefer that all such announcements were prohibited, and, with all due admiration of the *mere talent* of our *più primissima donna*, while the just pretensions of the Society of British Musicians are scorned and neglected, and while the whole corps of English artists is utterly excluded from any share of regal patronage, or even toleration, the vaunted mention of this proselytism to, and close communion with *mere Italian talent*, is an insidious libel on the parties apparently lauded.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. P.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.
METROPOLITAN.

MR. NEATE'S THIRD AND LAST SOIREE MUSICALE took place on Thursday the 25th instant, when a manuscript quartett for piano, clarinet, bassoon, and horn was performed by that gentleman with Messrs. Lazarus, Keating, and Jarrett. It is a composition of merit, but considerably too long, being in fact a complete symphony, with introduction, allegro, andante, minuet, trio, and finale. It is unsafe to trust works of this magnitude to other than stringed instruments. The next performance was Beethoven's sonata op. 53, for piano solo, and subsequently one of that author's trios. In the vocal department, German was the order of the night; Herr Kroff and Mme. Caradore evinced much feeling in their interpretation of Schubert and Weber; and Miss Dolby sang one of the numerous English versions of the "Wanderer," with a due perception of its beauties. We were obliged to leave before the conclusion.

MRS. W. H. SEGUIN AND MRS. J. HULLAH had a *pleine chambrée* on Friday the 26th. Their programme, if without novelty, was most agreeably varied, and the two *beneficiaires* contributed a very creditable portion. Mrs. Hullah's first performance was in a duet from the *Preciosa* with a very young pupil, Master Russell, whose powers are not yet sufficiently developed for public exhibition: she gave greater satisfaction in her solo in E minor, by Weber. Mrs. Seguin sang "Batti, batti" very nicely, and took a part in the quartett "Over the dark blue waters." Our old favourites, Zucchini and Mme. Caradore, are still in full vocal bloom—we would gladly welcome them on the boards of the Italian Opera, where their presence would superinduce some variation in the *repertoire*, and afford a relief from the ranting, tearing, blustering style of modern composers. Mr. Richardson favoured us with some double-tongued variations to "Rousseau's Dream." Assassination is the foulest of crimes—still there may be extenuating circumstances. When the victim is cut off in full career of atrocity, as in the case of Marat, our horror of the act is necessarily mitigated by a sense of the advantage accruing to the community. Similarly, were we to hear of a pistol having been discharged at a flutist when in full swing of a tootle-tootle variation, we should be inclined to make large allowance for the excitement of the moment, and while reprobating the act, to regard the perpetrator with feelings of sorrow rather than anger. Mr. Parry's *Buffo* Trio never escapes an encore; he therefore judiciously varies his performance, and gives a lesson *à la Lablache*, to a young English pupil in "Solfeggio" and "Home, sweet home," which is a rich bit of acting. Finally, Liszt put forth the thunders of his artillery in his "Recollections of the Puritani" and the "Marche Hongroise," the latter piece being agreeably accompanied by the postman's bell from without, to the no small annoyance of the artist—still it was jingling in consonance; we are inclined to think that the pianist, to whom all keys are alike, struck into that which coincided with the tones of his tintinnabulous auxiliary.

SIGNOR F. LABLACHE'S MORNING CONCERT attracted a dense assemblage to the Opera Rooms, on Friday the 26th. The vocalists were those of the Italian Opera, whose qualifications are too well known to criticise. The less we hear of Mdlle. Ernesta Grisi the better. There was a grand crash on three pianofortes, punishment being administered by Messrs. Litoff and Benedict, with Mme. Dulcken; the composition was however by Moscheles, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of excellence. Mercadante's "Fra nembi crudeli" was substituted for a scena from *Marino Faliero*. Costa's quartett "Ecco quel fiero istante," is delightful; we particularly recommend it to amateurs of Italian melody in canon—the cantilena, if not very original, is particularly captivating, and the harmonies abundantly rich and full.

MR. GEAR AND MDLLE. VERINI'S CONCERT took place on Friday evening at the Hanover-square Rooms. We regret that our tickets came too late to admit of attendance.

THE MISSES BADGER'S CONCERT.—This concert took place at the Horns Assembly-rooms, Kennington, on Monday the 29th. We have to thank the young *beneficiaires* for a very agreeable evening's entertainment, and feel per-

suaded that those who were not scared by the distance, found no cause to regret their emigration. The *personnel* consisted of Misses Woodyatt, Bassano, and Flower, Messrs. F. Lablache, Stocken, Gear, and Parry as vocalists; with Miss Caroline Badger on the harp, Miss E. Badger on the guitar, and Messrs. Henri Herz and Ole Bull on their specialities. Miss C. Badger sustained an effective part in a duo from *Guillaume Tell* with M. Herz; and afterwards in a solo, by *Bochsa*, evinced considerable taste and execution, if inferior in stringent grasp to the departed *pugilist*. The same remarks may apply to her sister's performance on a more ungrateful instrument—the guitar being hardly powerful enough for a large saloon, though very pleasing in an ordinary drawing-room. M. Herz performed one of his latest arrangements, the subjects from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which may be recommended to his pupils as very brilliant and showy, but of moderate difficulty. Mr. Ole Bull maintained his well-merited reputation. The vocal department was not remarkable for novelty, but consisted of old favourites. Miss S. Flower displayed a magnificent contralto voice in "Vi ravviso," though bass songs should not be sung by ladies; and took part with her sister in a very pretty fairy duett, by Barnett. Praising Miss Woodyatt is like "gilding refined gold," it is sufficient to mention that she sang the Scotch ballad "Donald," and parts of Italian duetts with Miss Bassano, Signor Lablache, and Mr. Stocken. "Se fiafo," by the two latter gentlemen, narrowly escaped an *encore*. If Mr. Stocken is deficient in power, he makes compensation in judgment and *vis comica*. Mr. Gear gave us "Il mio tesoro" with much skill; and Mr. Parry enacted *Cerberus* as usual. We cordially wish the Misses Badger success in their profession.

On Monday evening last a new organ of amazing power and beauty of tone was exhibited at Mr. Gray's establishment in the New Road. Mr. Adame performed thereon to the delight of a densely-thronged audience. The selection was chiefly from Mozart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVERTON WEBBE.—It is with deep regret that we announce the decease of this highly-talented young man, who was for some time an able contributor to this periodical. Mr. Webbe was a grandson of the celebrated glee-writer, and died on the 24th ult., at the early age of thirty.

We are informed, on credible authority, that the present will not be Rubini's last season in London.

EFFECT OF MUSIC IN THE CONVERSION OF SAVAGES.—Nolrega (a Jesuit) had a school, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the *mestizos*, or mixed breed. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught them; they were trained to assist at mass, and to sing the church service, and frequently led in procession through the town. This had a great effect, for the natives were passionately fond of music, so passionately, that Nolrega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by songs he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. This Jesuit usually took with him four or five of these little choristers on his preaching expeditions; when they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the Litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and when he departed with the 'same' ceremony, the children followed the music. He set the catechism, creed, and ordinary prayers to *sol fa*; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuit.

PHILHARMONIC.—The directors elected for the ensuing season are Messrs. F. Cramer, Anderson, Bishop, Loder, T. Cooke, Lucas and Neate. Mr. Anderson has undertaken the office of honorary treasurer, and Mr. Calkin that of librarian, gratuitously; Mr. W. Watts was re-elected secretary. The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Dewes has not yet been filled up.

MR. HATTON. the violoncello player, has been elected a member of the court of assistants of the Royal Society of Musicians.

THE MELODIST'S CLUB.—This harmonious and social society dined for the last time this season at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday, June 25th, Lord Saltoun in the chair. The following is an account of the distribution of the prizes, and conditions observed by the candidates:—The Club gave a prize of the value of fifteen guineas to the composer of the best approved national song, in the style of "Rule Britannia," or "Come, if you dare." The words to be provided by the composers (who were confined to the honorary members of the Club) from any source, ancient or modern; gained by Mr. Blewitt. Henry Arthur Hoare, Esq., gave a premium of five guineas to the composer of the second best national song; awarded to Mr. Hobbs. Lord Saltoun gave a prize of the value of ten guineas, for the best approved ballad, after the style of the old composers. The words to be provided by the candidates (from any source, ancient or modern), who must be honorary members of the Club, or recommended by the vice-presidents or subscribing members, each of whom may introduce one ballad, words and music from a friend, being a native of the United Kingdom, *but not residing in London, or within twenty miles thereof*; accompanied by the name of the composer, and the place of his abode, sealed up and enclosed in a letter to the secretary, signed by the member; gained by Mr. Blewitt. Charles Andrews, Esq., gave a premium of five guineas to the composer of the second best ballad; awarded to Mr. Parry, jun. Mr. Machin sang Mr. Blewitt's song, accompanied on the pianoforte by J. J. Jones, M. B. Mr. Hobbs sang his own song, accompanied by Sir George Smart; Mr. Francis sang Mr. Blewitt's ballad, accompanied by H. R. Bishop, M. B.; Mr. Parry, jun., sung his own ballad, accompanied by Mr. Bishop. The ballads were greatly admired: the prizes consisted of an elegant silver coffee-pot, value fifteen guineas, and a silver salver. In the course of the evening a variety of glees, songs, &c., were sung by F. Lablache, Herr Kroff, Blewitt, Hobbs, King, Terrant, Parry, Parry, jun., Stansbury, Machin, Spencer, Francis, Moxley, H. Gear, &c., &c. Litloff on the pianoforte, Jarrett on the horn, and Case on the concertina, delighted the company by their excellent performances, and the entertainment passed off with great spirit and *éclat*.

SINGING OF BIRDS.—The singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, produced by no exertion, or occasioning no lassitude in muscle, or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather, the nightingale sings all day, and most parts of the night; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh and untunable, after all these hours of practice. The song-thrush, in a mild, moist April, will commence his tune early in the morning, pipe unceasingly through the day, yet, at the close of eve, when he retires to rest, there is no obvious decay of his musical powers, or any sensible effort required to continue his harmony to the last. Birds of one species sing in general very like each other, with different degrees of execution. Some counties may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes. In the thrush, however, it is remarkable that there seems to be no regular notes, each individual piping a voluntary of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse, yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tune; and should several stations of these birds be visited the same morning, few or none probably will be found to persevere in the same round of notes; whatever is uttered seeming the effusion of the moment. At times a strain will break out perfectly unlike any preceding utterance, and we may wait a long time without noticing any repetition of it. Harsh, strained, and tense, as the notes of this bird are, yet they are pleasing from their variety. The voice of the blackbird is infinitely more mellow, but has much less variety, compass, or execution; and he too commences his carols with the morning light, persevering from hour to hour without effort, or any sensible faltering of voice.—The cuckoo wearies us throughout some long May morning with the unceasing monotony of its song; and, though there are others as vociferous, yet it is the only bird I know that seems to suffer from the use of the organs of voice. Little exertion as the few notes it makes use of seem to require, yet, by the middle or end of June, it loses its utterance, becomes hoarse, and ceases from any further essay.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Watts, W.— <i>Vivi tu</i> ; aria, arranged as a duet	<i>Mills.</i>
Diabelli.— <i>Fra quei sonve</i> ; ditto	<i>Ditto.</i>
Lemoine.— <i>Galop de Gustave</i>	<i>Z. T. Purday.</i>
Phipps, W.— <i>Waltz à la Taglioni</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Hunten.— <i>Polacca in G</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Liszt.— <i>Hexameron</i>	<i>Cramer.</i>
Burrowes, J. F.— <i>Alziam gli evviva</i>	<i>Chappell.</i>
Neubauer, A.— <i>The Rhine, and Lilla's a lady</i> ; arranged as duets	<i>Coventry.</i>
Kalliwoda.— <i>Divertissement facile</i> , with quartet accompaniment	<i>Ewer.</i>
— Five galops, op. 78	<i>Ditto.</i>

VOCAL.

Webster, F.— <i>Oh, you naughty, naughty man</i>	<i>T. E. Purday.</i>
Hobbs, J.— <i>The Hero of Britain</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Wilson, H.— <i>Star of the brave; glee</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Topliff, R.— <i>Six Sabbath Melodies</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Hatter, Rev. G.— <i>Sweet home; sacred melody</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
— <i>Hope and memory</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

Friday.—Morning—Mr. J. B. Cramer's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—German Opera. Saturday.—Evening—Italian Opera. Monday.—Evening—German Opera. Tuesday.—Evening—Italian Opera. Wednesday.—Evening—German Opera. Friday.—Evening—Concert of Sacred music at St. Mary's Chapel, Moorfields. German Opera.

NEW MUSIC for the PIANO, by the celebrated CZERNY.—His Pianoforte Method, dedicated to her Most Excellent Majesty, 3 vols. 31s. 6d.; Ecoles des Expressions, 5s.; Ecole des Ornemens, two books, each 5s.; his Ten Letters, 2s.; Hommage à la Reine, a fantasia on English Airs, 5s.; Hommage à Handel, no. 1, Messiah; no. 2, Alexander's Feast, each 5s.; Fantasia on Irish Airs, ditto on Scotch, each 5s.; six Scotch airs, with variations, each 3s.; 12 easy Scotch rondos, each 2s.; 12 easy rondos on popular airs, each 1s.; three promenade overtures, each 3s.; and 500 other works by Czerny. London: printed by R. Cocks and Co. Musicians in ordinary to her Most Excellent Majesty, Queen Victoria I.

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D'Orsay, Lady H.— <i>They parted; ballad and Psalms</i>	<i>Mills.</i>
Stanley, S.— <i>Nineteen original hymns</i>	<i>Z. T. Purday.</i>
— <i>Nineteen ditto</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
— <i>Twenty ditto, and nine selected</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Ames, Mrs. H.— <i>Mountain Lasses</i>	<i>Cramer.</i>
— <i>Rosabelle</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Lover, S.— <i>The sun-dial</i>	<i>Chappell.</i>
Spore, N. J.— <i>Dream on, young hearts</i>	<i>Ditto.</i>
Webb, W.— <i>Voluntaries and choruses for organ and pianoforte</i> ; nos. 1 and 2	<i>Coventry.</i>
Norman, G.— <i>Zion</i> ; a collection of psalms and hymns for the organ or pianoforte	<i>Ditto.</i>

VIOLIN and PIANO.

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